

A Fawcett Publication

JANUARY
NO. 39

HOPALONG CASSIDY

Starring
WILLIAM BOYD

BIG 52 PAGES

10¢



IN THIS ISSUE:
THE MYSTERIOUS
WOLF PACK
THE FUTILE CHASE
MESQUITE'S MADNESS
THE SECRET OF
THE HOUSE

ROCKY LANE takes to the air!

SEE ALLAN "ROCKY" LANE, famous cowboy star, in Republic's wide-open new thriller: "Bandit King of Texas" at your local theatre.



GOT THE PAYROLL IN MY SADDLE BAG—AN EXTRA CARNATION MALTED UNDER MY BELT! WATCH THAT NARROW BRIDGE, BOY!



DYNAMITE'S ALL SET, DOG FACE! WE'LL BLOW THEM AND THE BRIDGE SKY HIGH!



AND CATCH THE PAYROLL ON THE WAY DOWN!



THAT SHE BLOWS! NOW TO GET THE PAYROLL



BUT SENSING DANGER, ROCKY PULLS UP, LASSO'S THE TREE AND SWINGS THROUGH THE AIR!



THAT'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU TWO! MAN, YOU NEED CARNATION MALTED MILK POWER FOR THIS FLYING TRAPEZE WORK!



YIPPEE! HERE'S ROCKY LANE! HE CAPTURED THE OUTLAWS AND SAVED THE PAYROLL!



IT'S A GRAND—TASTIN', MUSCLE-MAKIN' DRINK, PARDNERS! YOU CAN MAKE YOUR OWN LIKE I DO! JUST GET YOUR MOM TO BUY A JAR OF CARNATION MALTED TODAY FROM YOUR GROCER. PLAIN OR CHOCOLATE!

TWO FLAVORS
Chocolate and Natural
in thirty 1-lb. jars.



HOPALONG CASSIDY •

Executive Editor
WILL LIEBERSON

Editor
V. A. PROVVISERO

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CAPT. MARVEL ADVENTURES • LASH LORUE WESTERN • THE MARVEL FAMILY • FAWCETT'S FUNNY ANIMALS
WHIZ COMICS • WESTERN HERO • ROCKY LANE WESTERN • NYOKA THE JUNGLE GIRL • GABBY HAYES WESTERN
CAPT. MARVEL JR. • MASTER COMICS • TOM MIX WESTERN • MONTE HALE WESTERN • HOPALONG CASSIDY

Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

W. H. Fawcett, Jr., President

HOPALONG CASSIDY STARRING **WILLIAM BOYD** and the **MYSTERIOUS WOLF PACK!**

Out of nowhere came hordes of wild wolves to plague all the sheep ranchers in Twin River and to thrust Sheriff Hopalong Cassidy into one of his most mysterious and dangerous cases!

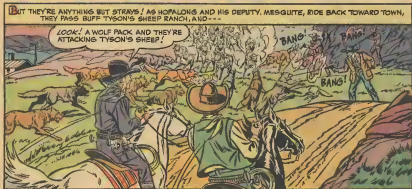
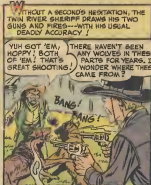
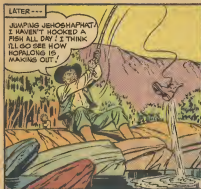
AT THE MACK GOWEN SHEEP RANCH ---

AFORE HUFF TYSON AND REX HART OPENED UP SHEEP RANCHES AROUND HYAR, YUH COULD GET WHATEVER UNFAIR PRICE YUH ASKED FER YORE SHEEP! BUT NOW, I REKON WITH SO MUCH COMPETITION, GOWEN, YUH WON'T BE ABLE TO BE SO INDEPENDENT.

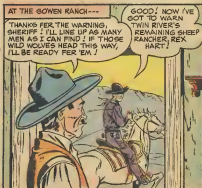
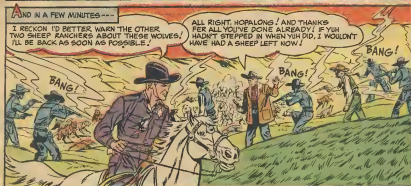
I'LL STILL GET MY PRICE, PAIRPAK!

YEAH? HOW, BOSS?

THAT'S WHY I HIRED YUH VARMINTS! NO ONE KNOWS YUH AROUND THESE PARTS. NOW GET THE WAGONS READY TUH HEAD FER THE DESPT WHILE I EXPLAIN MY PLAN!



HOPALONG CASSIDY



TO REACH HART'S RANCH WHICH IS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF TWIN RIVER, HOPALONG HAS TO GO THROUGH THE HEART OF THE TOWN, AND AS HE PASSES THE RAILROAD DEPOT---

WHOA, TOPPER! I THOUGHT I JUST HEARD A WOLF'S CRY!



NOTHING HERE! I GUESS IT WAS JUST MY IMAGINATION!



OKAY, LET'S GET GOING AGAIN! AS SOON AS WE WARN REX HART TO BE ON THE LOOKOUT, WE'VE GOT TO GET BACK TO TYSON'S RANCH! HE MAY STILL NEED US!



BUT AS HOPALONG GETS CLOSE TO REX HART'S SHEEP RANCH---

GUNSHOTS! IT LOOKS AS IF I RUN INTO TROUBLE TODAY NO MATTER WHERE I GO!



(GULP) MORE WOLVES!



YOU'RE A WELCOME SIGHT, SHERIFF! JOIN IN! WE NEED EVERY MAN POSSIBLE TO FIGHT OFF THIS WILD WOLF PACK!

ALL RIGHT, HART! I'LL STAY UNTIL YOU LINE UP SOME MORE MEN TO HELP! THINGS ARE BEGINNING TO LOOK A LITTLE PECULIAR TO ME AND I WANT TO DO SOME LOOKING AROUND AS FAST AS POSSIBLE!



IT JUST DOESN'T MAKE SENSE THAT THE WOLVES, WHICH WERE TRAVELING IN ONE DIRECTION, WOULD HAVE SKIPPED GOWEN'S SHEEP AND ATTACK YOUR HERD INSTEAD--- ESPECIALLY WITH THE WHOLE HEART OF THE TOWN BETWEEN THE TWO RANCHES!



HOPALONG, WITH HIS UNERRING GUN ACCURACY, HELPS HART FIGHT OFF THE EVER-INCREASING PACK OF WOLVES UNTIL REINFORCEMENTS ARRIVE AND THEN---

KICK UP DUST, TOPPER! OUR FIRST STOP IS GOING TO BE THE DEPOT!



AT THE DEPOT---

OF COURSE I DIDN'T SEE ANY WOLVES RUNNING THROUGH TOWN, SHERIFF! DO YUH THINK I'M PLUMB LOCO OR SOMETHING?

WOULD YOU BY ANY CHANCE KNOW WHAT WERE IN THOSE CRATES I SAW FLED UP HERE WHEN I RODE BY A WHILE AGO?



NO! BUT THE FELLOWS WHO CARTED THEM AWAY DROPPED ONE OF THE CRATES AND I'VE BEEN HOLDING IT INSIDE JUST IN CASE HE CAME BACK FER IT!

I'D LIKE TO HAVE A LOOK AT IT!



THAT IT IS, HOPALONG!



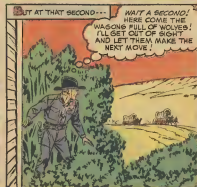
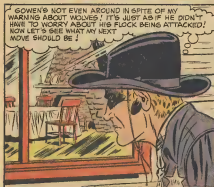
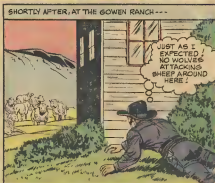
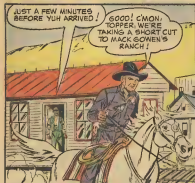
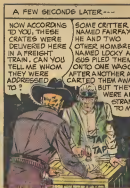
YOU'D BETTER STAND BACK WHILE I OPEN THIS!



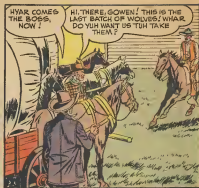
WHY? WHAT DO YUH THINK'S INSIDE?

(GULP!) A WOLF!

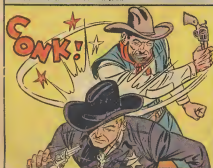


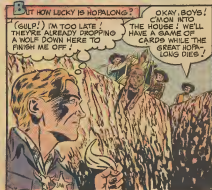
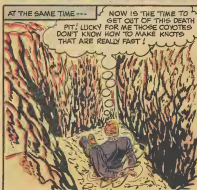
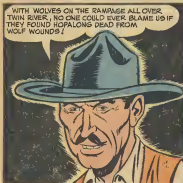


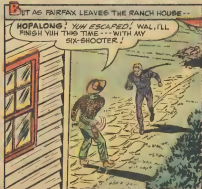
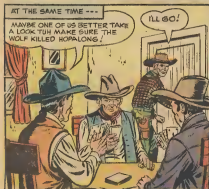
HOPALONG CASSIDY



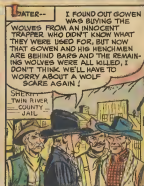
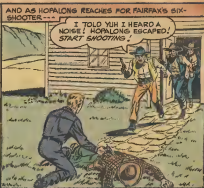
BUT HOPALONG DOESN'T NOTICE GOWEN'S REMAINING HENCHMAN SNEAK UP ON HIM, AND---







HOPALONG CASSIDY



STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1917, OF HOPALONG CASSIDY, published monthly at Greenwich, Conn., for October 1, 1945.
State of Connecticut ss.
County of Fairfield

I, Nelson M., a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Gordon Fawcett, who, having been duly sworn according to law, depose and say that he is the Business Manager of HOPALONG CASSIDY, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1917, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are Publisher, Fawcett Publications, Inc., Greenwich, Conn.; Editor, Virginia Prosser, Corona, E. L. N. Y.; Managing Editor, Ralph Dodge, Tatham Manor, N. Y.; Business Manager, Gordon Fawcett, Greenwich, Conn.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Fawcett Publications, Inc., Greenwich, Conn.; W. H. Fawcett, Jr., Norwalk, Conn.; Marion Day, Kansas City, Mo.; Roger Fawcett, Greenwich, Conn.; V. D. Fawcett, Greenwich, Conn.; M. E. Fawcett, Norwalk, Conn.; H. A. Fawcett, Greenwich, Conn.; Roscoe Kent Fawcett, Greenwich, Conn.; M. T. Fawcett, Greenwich, Conn.; W. H. Fawcett Trust, Greenwich, Conn.; M. E. King, Oxnard, Cal.; Gloria Leary, Oxnard, Cal.; V. F. Kerr, Santa Barbara, Cal.; Mrs. Eva Roberts, Seattle, Wash.; Fawcett Publications, Inc., Greenwich, Conn.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

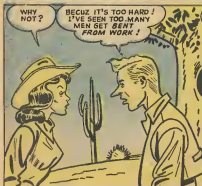
4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and

security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholders or security holders appear upon the books of the company as trustees or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's best knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is (This information is required from daily publications only.)

GORDON FAWCETT,
Business Manager,
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 25th day of September, 1945.
(Seal) LILLIAN M. BUGHLEY,
Notary Public.

(My commission expires April 1, 1947.)





Rice Krispies Marshmallow Squares

KIDS! YOU MAKE 'EM-
MIX 'EM FAST!
MAKE A LOT
'CAUSE THEY DON'T LAST!



*Kids... Make
this 'Quickie' Candy*

RICE KRISPIES MARSHMALLOW SQUARES

YOU DON'T KNOW HOW GOOD "GOOD" IS,
UNTIL YOU TASTE 'EM!

1... Cook together over
hot water:

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter or
margarine
 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. marshmallows
(about 2½ doz.)

When syrupy, add
and beat in:

$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla



2... Into greased large
bowl, pour:

1 box Kellogg's Rice
Krispies (5½ oz.)
Add marshmallow
mixture. Mix well.

3... Press mixture into
greased shallow pan.

Cool. Cut in 2½"
squares... 24
crunchy pieces from
9" x 15" pan.



4... Top as your break-
fast cereal, always!

Tell mom how you
go for Kellogg's Rice
Krispies! It's fun to
hear 'em snap-
erackle-pop in milk!
And a swell way to
start a zippy day!

Kellogg's
**RICE
KRISPIES**

Kellogg's
MOTHER KNOWS BEST!

"Rice Krispies" is a trademark (Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.)
of the Kellogg Company for its oven-popped rice.

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HOPALONG CASSIDY

NIGHT RIDE

By Walter Farmer

THERE was a terrific banging on the shutters.

"Hey, Doc! Wake up! Emergency!" shouted an excited voice.

Dr. Greg Brett had been deeply asleep, but the call to duty roused him instantly. He sprang out of bed, stepped to the window and threw open a shutter. In the waning moonlight he made out the dark figure of a horseman.

"Hurry, Doc!" exclaimed the man. "Matter of life and death."

"I'll come," answered the doctor, already slipping into shirt and trousers. "Where to?"

"The Line T spread," responded the rider after a slight hesitation.

"Long ride," thought Doc Brett, pulling on his boots.

Neither man wasted any further words. When Doc was ready he mounted and followed the other man swiftly out of town. They rode at a gallop, the thunder of their horses' hoofs echoing off into the blue-black night.

When they approached the fork, the rider said, "Left here!"

"But the Line T is to the right," protested Doc.

"I said left!"

A revolver barrel, glinting in the moonlight, punctuated the statement. Doc had no choice but to comply.

They rode for perhaps a mile further. Doc tried, by glancing sideways, to get a good look at his captor. But the man's hat was pulled well down. Doc realized that in the darkness he had not seen enough of the fellow to be able to recognize him again. Their passage, up to now, had been over moderately soft dirt. Doc knew their horses had left a trail that would be easy to follow.

But they were turning sharply now, over rocks. The hoofs would leave no imprint.

Doc wanted to leave a trail. He had a hunch he might need rescuing. He reached for his medicine kit in the saddle bag.

The other man hollered, "Hey! What you doing? Get those hands up."

Doc raised his hands, saying casually, "Very well. But if this is an emergency such as you claim I thought I might as well be getting my instruments and medicine ready. There's

no time to waste in treating a serious gunshot wound."

"Gunshot? I didn't tell you it was a gunshot."

"No, but I imagine it was a good guess. You owlhoots always get shot, sooner or later; if you don't hang first."

"Button your lip!" growled the other man. He was silent for a second then he continued, "All right. Go ahead. Open your satchel and get your tools ready. But no tricks."

Doc Brett opened his case. They were riding slower now, up-grade. He fumbled in the satchel and got out a big pill bottle. His captor watched with hawk eyes.

"If you're worried about me pulling a gun on you, forget it," said the doctor. "I don't even own a gun. I cure people, not kill them."

The other peered in the case and satisfied himself there was no weapon hidden there. Then he relaxed his watchfulness. Quietly, unobserved, Doc began dropping little pills at intervals as they rode.

"Now maybe somebody will find me, before it's too late," he thought grimly.

THE doctor was blindfolded during the last part of the journey. He got the impression from the hollow echoing of the horses' footsteps that they were passing through an archway or tunnel, perhaps a cave entrance. With the blindfold still on, he was helped to dismount. He was led, he knew not where, and then the blindfold was abruptly removed.

He was in a moderately large "room." Part of an abandoned mine shaft, he guessed. The light from one flickering oil lantern was rather dim. He was aware of several men lingering in the shadows, but the focal point for him was a big man lying on a pallet. There was one crude bandage around the man's side and another on his head. And he was masked.

Without question or comment, the doctor became strictly professional. He went about the business of examining the patient with steady hand and cool eye. First he looked at the side wound. Then he said, "The mask will have to come off. Otherwise I can't examine the head wound properly."

"The mask stays on," growled the patient.

"Then I can't be responsible. You may die," said Doc flatly.

After considering this for a moment, the man on the pallet said, "O.K." and promptly tore off the mask.

Doc Brett said nothing, but he couldn't hide the look of recognition and astonishment that came into his face.

"O.K., Doc. So you recognize me. I could see it in your face," declared the man. "All right. I'm the Purple Scorpion. I'm carrying a lot of deadwood. At least seven sheriffs have got a special noose reserved for me. But they're not going to get me. And if you'll be a good little doc and fix me up right, you'll be so well paid you can buy enough pills to cure every sick man, dog, steer and hooty owl in all of Texas."

"It's not a question of pay," responded the doctor, gravely. "It's my duty to heal you, if I can."

AFTER he had treated and dressed the wounds, Doc Brett was led from the big room to a narrow passage and into what was apparently a dead end niche. A lantern was held so he could see a crude bed of matting. "You can rest here now, Doc," said the man who was apparently his guard, "until it's time to take off those bandages again."

Doc Brett had learned that a doctor must sleep when he can. He lay on the mat and in a matter of seconds was dead to the world. When he awakened, he imagined it was day. He confirmed this by looking at his watch. He yawned and started to rise. Then, as he heard voices, he lay back perfectly still.

The voices were whispering, but through some acoustical peculiarity sometimes found in caves, the words were echoed to Doc almost as clearly as if the speaker's lips had been to his ear. They said:

"Won't the doc report on us when he leaves here?"

"He'll never leave here."

"But we can't keep him. He'll cause trouble."

"No he won't. This old mine shaft is too good a hideout to take chances with. Good hide-outs are rare, but there's a sawbones born every minute. As soon as he has fixed up my wounds real good the doc will get paid off, with a bullet through the heart."

The doc's heart gave an extra thump as if it, too, had heard. But it soon calmed down as Dr. Brett thought, "It'll take some time to get those wounds in shape. Before then, I'll be missed. The sheriff will follow that trail

of pills and rescue me."

Another voice was heard. It wasn't whispering. "Hey, Purple Scorpion," it said, "I think that doc's kind of careless. One of the horses broke loose this morning and I went after it. I found it going over the rocks, lapping up little white pills. It ate the last one before I got to it. I figured they must have been little sugar pills that the doc dropped accidentally."

"Accidentally?" Doc recognized the Purple Scorpion's voice and husky laugh. "Wasn't any accident. That doc is nobody's fool. You sure the horse ate *all* the pills?"

"Every last one!"

Doc's heart skipped another beat. No chance that the sheriff would rescue him now.

Weak from his wounds, The Purple Scorpion had fallen asleep. Doc worked around the head wound carefully, delicately so as not to wake the patient. A guard was watching, but the Doc's broad shoulders shielded his activity. Presently the patient opened his eyes. He looked up at the doctor who seemed extremely grave, worried.

"What's the matter, Doc?? These wounds serious?"

"Oh, no. You'll recover from the wounds all right. But . . ." Doc Brett leaned close to the patient and said in a stage whisper. "I don't want to alarm the others. But you look as if you've got *smallpox*!"

Doc had guessed right. The whispered words carried throughout the hide-out. From a safe distance the men looked at the red dotted face of their leader. Then they fled in terror. Doc could hear the clatter of their horses fading away.

The Purple Scorpion's feelings were mixed: Anger at his men for deserting him, terror that he might die of smallpox.

Doc, who had "borrowed" his gun, chuckled. "Don't worry, if you die, it'll be at the end of a rope. I merely said you *looked* as if you had smallpox. In this dim light your boys couldn't see that those red dots were merely made with iodine."

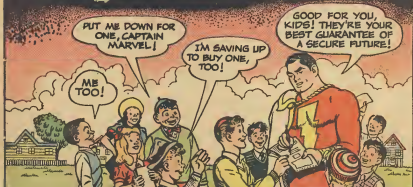
AFTER he was jailed, The Purple Scorpion was so angry at his men for deserting him he gave all their names and other pertinent information to the sheriff. They were quickly rounded up. Later, when he was given the reward money, Doc Brett chuckled, "Now I can buy enough pills to cure every sick man, dog, steer and hooty owl in all of Texas!"

THE END

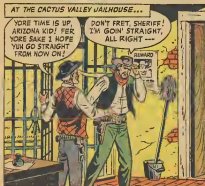


WHEN IT COMES TO BLOWING BUBBLES, FLEER'S DUBBLE BUBBLE CAN'T BE BEAT!

PUT MORE OPPORTUNITY IN YOUR FUTURE...
BUY U.S. SAVINGS BONDS REGULARLY!



REMEMBER: DON'T SAVE WHAT'S LEFT AFTER SPENDING! SPEND WHAT'S LEFT AFTER SAVING!



HOPALONG CASSIDY

SHORTLY AFTER, IN THE WILDS ...

THE ARIZONA KID NEVER FORGETS!
IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO,
HOPALONG CASSIDY IS GOIN'
TUH PAY FER WHAT HE
DID TUH ME!

RIGHT NOW, I DON'T KNOW HOW
I'M GOING TO DO IT, BUT I'LL
FIGGER OUT SUMPTIN'!

WHY, THIS IS THE OLD SLATER HOUSE!
I REMEMBER IT! AFTER OLD MAN
SLATER'S WIFE DIED, HE PACKED
HIS DUDS AND HEADED EAST
WITH HIS YOUNG SON!



I'VE GOT IT! OLD MAN SLATER MAY NOT KNOW
IT, BUT HE'S GOIN' TUH HELP ME TAKE CARE
OF SHERIFF CASSIDY!

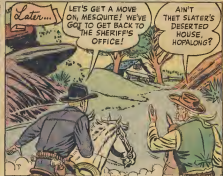
SNAP!



Later...

LET'S GET A MOVE
ON, MESQUITE! WE'VE
GOT TO GET BACK TO
THE SHERIFF'S
OFFICE!

AIN'T
THET SLATER'S
DESERTED
HOUSE,
HOPALONG?

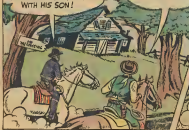


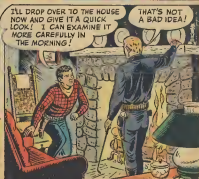
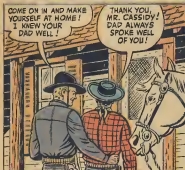
THAT'S RIGHT, MESQUITE! IT'S A
GOOD MANY YEARS SINCE ANYONE
OCCUPIED THE HOUSE! IN FACT,
NOBODY'S BEEN IN IT SINCE OLD
MAN SLATER MOVED OUT
WITH HIS SON!

WHAT SAY WE TAKE
A PEEK INSIDE,
HOPALONG, AND
SEE WHUT THE
PLACE IS LIKE?

NO, MESQUITE! THAT WOULD BE
TRESPASSING! BESIDES, WE'VE
GOT LOTS OF WORK TO DO AT
THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE!

OKAY, HOPALONG!
BUT I SHORE
HANKER TUH KNOW
WHAT IT'S LIKE
INSIDE!







BUT YOU'LL BE BACK HERE TO SPEND THE NIGHT, WON'T YOU?

SURE THING! I'LL BE BACK SOON!



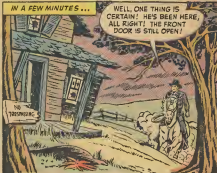
BUT, LATER THAT EVENING ... I'M SURE THERE'S NO CAUSE TO BE ALARMED, BUT SLATER SHOULD'VE BEEN BACK BY NOW!



IT'S BEEN SO MANY YEARS SINCE HE WAS IN THESE PARTS IT'S POSSIBLE HE GOT LOST ON THE WAY!



I NEVER SHOULD HAVE LET HIM GO BY HIMSELF! C'MON, TOPPER ... MAYBE WE CAN LOCATE HIM!



IN A FEW MINUTES ...

WELL, ONE THING IS CERTAIN! HE'S BEEN HERE, ALL RIGHT! THE FRONT DOOR IS STILL OPEN!



THIS PLACE IS SO RUN-DOWN, SLATER MIGHT'VE HURT HIMSELF ON A LOOSE BOARD OR SOMETHING! IT CAN'T DO ANY HARM TO TAKE A LOOK!

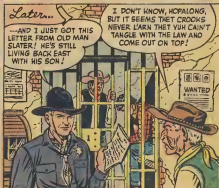
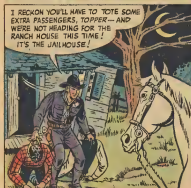
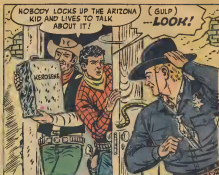


HELP!

HUH ... THAT'S YOUNG SLATER'S VOICE!







HOPALONG CASSIDY

STARRING
WILLIAM BOYD

and

MESQUITE'S
MADNESS!



Hopalong Cassidy's Deputy, Mesquite Jenkins, is a perfectly sane man. At least that's what all of Twin River thought until he began seeing things that weren't there!



OUTSIDE THE TWIN RIVER BANK...

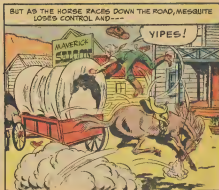
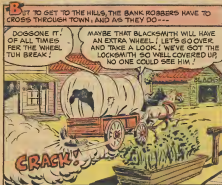
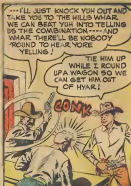
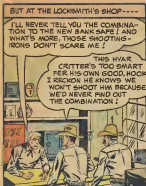
YOU AND YORE BRIGHT IDEAS ABOUT ROBBING THE TWIN RIVER BANK, HOOK! NOW THAT THEY'RE PUTTING IN THAT NEW SAFE, WE'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO CARRY OFF THE JOB! YUH COULDN'T EVEN FORCE THAT SAFE OPEN WITH A STICK OF DYNAMITE!

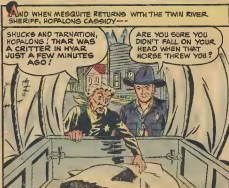
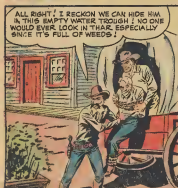
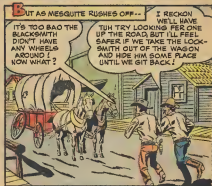
WHY BOTHER FORCING IT OPEN, ERKNEE, WHEN THAR'E EASIER WAYS!

ALL WE GOTTA DO IS GO TUN THE LOCKSMITH WHO PUT ON THE LOCK AND FORCE HIM TO TELL US THE COMBINATION!

SAY, THAT'S A GREAT IDEA, HOOK! LET'S GO SEE HIM NOW!

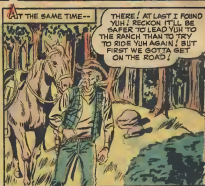
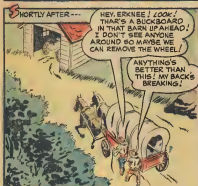






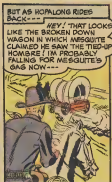
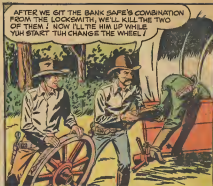
SHUCKS AND TARNATION, HOPALONG! THAR WAS A CRITTER IN MYAR JUST A FEW MINUTES AGO!

ARE YOU SURE YOU DIDN'T FALL ON YOUR HEAD WHEN THAT HORSE THREW YOU?



HOPALONG CASSIDY





HOPALONG CASSIDY



COMIX CARDS
appear every
month in

**HOPALONG
CASSIDY**

FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF
NYOKA
IN
MASTER COMICS
AND
NYOKA THE JUNGLE GIRL
EVERY MONTH!

ONLY 10¢ AT YOUR LOCAL
NEWSSTAND!

Get on dotted line and paste on envelope!



-Hi Fellows! The **NEW**

LIONEL TRAINS

Catalog is Ready



**SEE THE NEW
DIESEL LOCOS-
and the marvelous
DIESEL SWITCHER**

See Lionel trains at
your favorite store.

Boy!—I'll bet you and dad are planning a new and bigger LIONEL Railroad for this Christmas! Lots of new LIONEL locos, cars, and accessories to choose from! You know, boys, nobody but LIONEL gives you true railroad realism. The new 1949 catalog tells all about the famous LIONEL smoke puffing locos, the built-in real R.R. whistles, and the sensational Lionel Electronic Railroad. LIONEL Train Sets priced from as little as \$15.95.

WRITE FOR THE CATALOG TODAY!

LIONEL TRAINS

LIONEL TRAINS, P. O. Box 164
Madison Square Station, New York 10, New York

I enclose 10c. Please send me the new 40-page,
full-color Lionel Train Catalog for 1949.

Name

Address

City Zone State

Hey, boys! Wear a real
Hopalong Cassidy
 Western Shirt from Hudson's

You'll have a heck of a lot of fun in a Hopalong Cassidy shirt and hat. It's just like "Hoppy" wears in the movies. Order yours now.

Rayon Gabardine Shirt,
 sizes 6-18.....3.95

Rayon Poplin Shirt, sizes 6-12...2.95

Colors of black and red, maroon and gray, brown and tan, luggage and gold, green and gold, royal and gray.

Hopalong Cassidy Hat, black, red or tan, sizes small, medium and large 1.95

Second Floor—Farmer—Section C

HUDSON'S
Boys' Store



Use this convenient order blank

J. I. Hudson Co., Woodward Ave.
 Detroit, Michigan

Please send me from Hudson's Boys' Store:

_____ Shirt at 3.95, color choice _____ size _____

_____ Shirt at 2.95, color choice _____ size _____

_____ Hat at 1.95, color choice _____ size _____

Charge my account No. _____ Send C.O.D. _____

I am enclosing _____ (am't)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

City _____ State _____

For deliveries within the store add 3% sales tax

THE CASE OF THE
50 YEAR OLD CLUE

DETECTIVE SAM SPADE IS INVESTIGATING A KIDNAPPING. HIS ONLY CLUE IS THE RANSOM NOTE WRITTEN ON A PIECE OF WALL PAPER.

I'VE NEVER BEEN THIS FAR FROM MY BOTTLE OF WILDROOT CREAM-OIL, BABY! QUIET NOW!

DANIEL HANNETT'S

Adventures of

SAM SPADE

Howard Duff who plays Sam Spade in "The Adventures of Sam Spade" on CBS Sunday evenings can now be seen with Yvonne De Carlo in "Criminals Manners and Sam Spade", a Universal International picture in Technicolor.

WHY, SAM... I'VE NEVER SEEN YOU WITH YOUR HAIR DOWN BEFORE



EFFIE, GO TO THE OTHER SIDE AND BREAK A WINDOW! WHEN THAT KIDNAPPER GOES TO SEE WHAT'S HAPPENING, I'LL CLIMB IN.

OKAY! BUT WHAT HAPPENS TO ME?



QUIET, PAL, YOU'LL BE OUT IN A JIFFY!



HERE, SAM—GOT IT AT THE CORNER DRUG STORE

HOLD IT, FELLOWS. I CAN'T LOOK LIKE A HERO WITHOUT WILDROOT CREAM-OIL ON MY HAIR.

HOW DID YOU EVER SUSPECT THAT OLD HOUSE, SAM?

JUST A HUNCH! THAT RANSOM NOTE WAS WRITTEN ON 50 YEAR OLD WALLPAPER AND THE OLD DAVIS MANSION HAS BEEN CLOSED SINCE 1903.



SAM SPADE ASKS:

CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE FINGERNAIL TEST?



TRY IT! SCRATCH YOUR HEAD. IF YOU FIND SIGNS OF DRYNESS AND LOOSE, UGLY DANDRUFF, YOU NEED WILDROOT CREAM-OIL. HAIR TONIC. NON-ALCOHOLIC—CONTAINS SOOTHING LANOLIN.

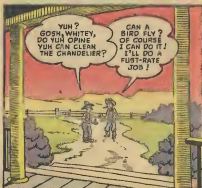
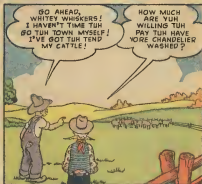
LOW AS
25¢
PLUS TAX

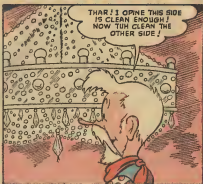
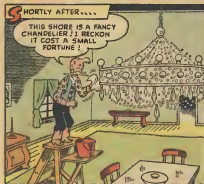
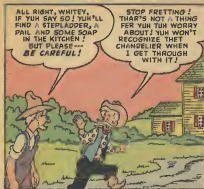


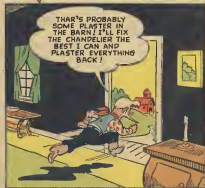
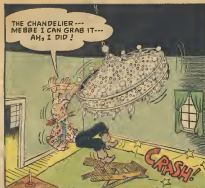
EFFIE SAYS:

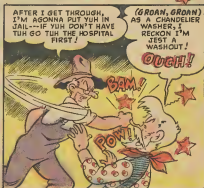
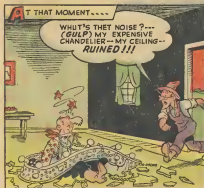
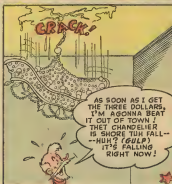
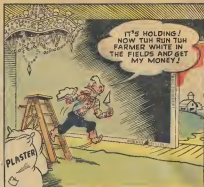
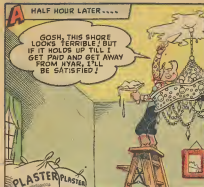
SMART GIRLS USE WILDROOT CREAM-OIL FOR QUICK COLORING AND FOR RELIEVING DRYNESS BETWEEN PERMANENTS. WOMEN FIND IT WONDERFUL FOR BRAN-ING CHILDREN'S HAIR.

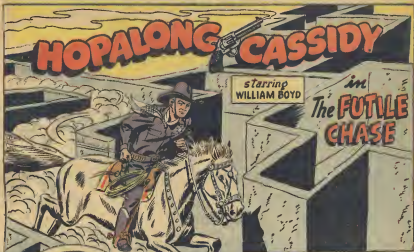












When HOPALONG CASSIDY, Twin River's stalwart Sheriff, gets on the trail of two ornery bank robbers, the chase turns out to be as futile as trying to get through a maze without any exits!

AT THE TWIN RIVER BANK.....

IT'S A GOOD THING THOSE VARMINTS DIDN'T NOTICE ME HIDING HYAR! I'M GONNA TELL THE SHERIFF THAT A COUPLE OF CRITTERS ARE TRYING TUH ROB THE BANK!

TWIN RIVER BANK



EANWHILE, AT THE JAILHOUSE.....

NOW STAND STILL, MESQUITE, SO CLIFF CAN SNAP OUR PICTURE!

BAH! THEM CAMERAS ARE JUST A WASTE OF GOOD TIME!

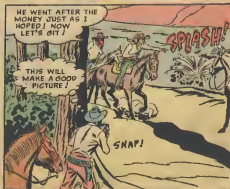
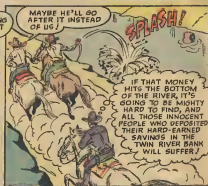
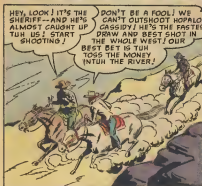


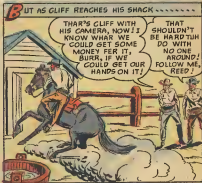
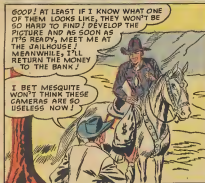
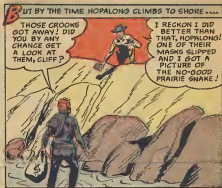
THAT'S NOT SO, MESQUITE! ONE OF THESE HYAR DAYS I'LL PROVE TUH YOU HOW USEFUL THESE CAMERAS CAN BE!

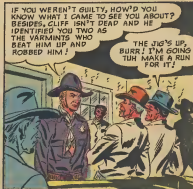
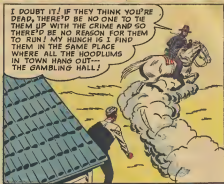
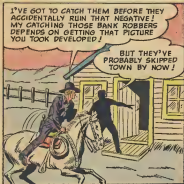
HOPALONG, COME QUICK! TWO CRITTERS ARE TRYING TUH ROB THE BANK!

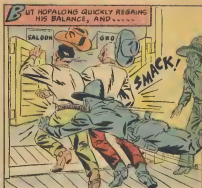
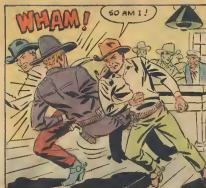


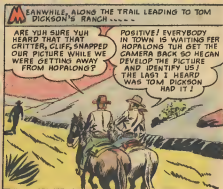
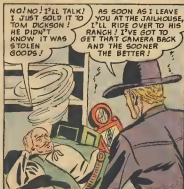
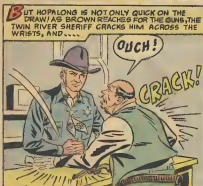
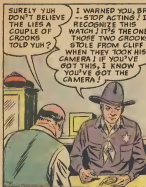
HOPALONG CASSIDY



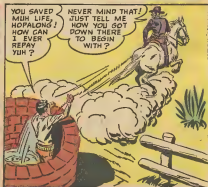
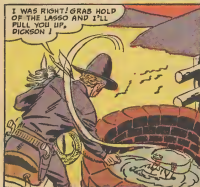
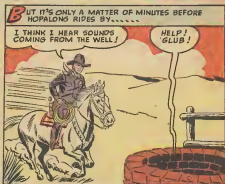
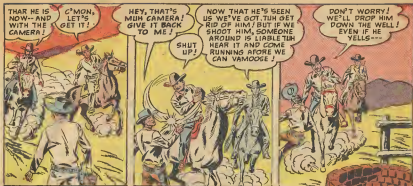








HOPALONG CASSIDY



HOPALONG CASSIDY

AND AFTER DICKSON EXPLAINS...
MY HUNCH IS THAT ABBOTT
AND BENSON WERE RESPONSIBLE
FOR THE BANK ROBBERY! BUT
I'VE GOT TO CATCH THEM
BEFORE THEY DESTROY THE
NEGATIVE OR I'LL NEVER
BE ABLE TO PROVE IT!

BUT WHERE
ARE YUH GOING
TO LOOK FER
THEM?

THEY WOULDN'T WANT ANY-
ONE TO SEE THEM WITH THE
CAMERA SO THEY PROBABLY
WENT DIRECTLY TO THEIR
ROOM ABOVE THE SALOON
WHERE THEY COULD
DESTROY IT!

SHORTLY AFTER.....

EVERYTHING'S FINE!
NO ONE SAW US COME IN
WITH THE CAMERA! NOW
LET'S BREAK IT UP!

OKAY! I'LL SMASH
IT WITH MY GUN
BUTT!

CRASH!
NO YOU DON'T!
QUICK, BENSON,
SMASH IT! IT'S
THE SHERIFF!

I'VE GOT
IT NOW!

SWISH!

SMACK!

YEAH! BUT YO'RE
NOT GETTING OUT
OF HYAR WITH IT!

THAT'S RIGHT,
HOPALONG! WE'RE
TWO AGAINST
ONE!

HOLDING THE CAMERA, THE COURAGEOUS SHERIFF HAS ONLY ONE HAND WITH WHICH TO DEFEND HIMSELF.....



BUT HE MORE THAN HOLDS HIS OWN!

(GROAN) I SURRENDER!

ME, TOO! (GROAN)
WE ADMIT
WE TRIED TUP
ROB THE
TWIN RIVER
BANK!



ALL RIGHT, LET'S GET GOING! I HAVE A CELL WAITING FOR YOU TWO!



BACK AT THE TWIN RIVER JAIL-HOUSE.....

THERE'S NO REAL NEED FOR YOU TO DEVELOP THE PICTURE NOW THAT THESE CRITTERS CONFESSED TO THEIR CRIME, CLIFF!

THAT'S JUST AS WELL...



--- BECAUSE I JUST REALIZED I FORGOT TUP PUT ANY FILM IN IT!

SEE, WHAT DID I TELL YUH--THEM CAMERAS ARE OF NO USE!

OF COURSE THEY ARE, MESQUITE! IF IT WASN'T FOR CLIFF'S CAMERA, WE WOULDN'T HAVE A FULL JAILHOUSE NOW! THAT CAMERA IS THE REASON REED, BURR, BROWN, BENSON AND ABBOTT ARE BEHIND BARS!



This mammoth bridge is made entirely of Erector pieces. So strong it can support 200-lb. man.

Made of STEEL to Build like REAL

World's greatest construction toy

Developed at the

Gilbert

Hall of Science

ERECTOR®

Other Erector features—curved, straight and giant structural girders. Base plates in 7 sizes and shapes. Electric engine. Wheels, rollers, axles and other automotive parts. Total of over 125 different parts.

"Real engineering" nuts and bolts lock Erector parts firmly together.

Exciting Merry-Go-Round. Wheels round and round. Passes go up and down. Built with No. 16's Erector and up.

Forming square girder with later-looking sides—built only with Erector.

Exciting airplane ride. Revolves at dizzy speed. Built with No. 4's Erector and up.

Powered by famous Gilbert Erector Motor.

Other Electric engine with automobile type gear shift for forward, reverse and stop.

Electric lights can be installed to blink or revolve.

No. 8½ ERECTOR

The All-Electric Set Builds Giant Ferris Wheel, many other spectacular models.

Denver and west \$19.95
\$20.95

HELLO BOYS! ERECTOR

Gives you most of everything

Most fun—most different parts—most action—most realistic models

Look at these spectacular Erector models. You build them yourself. Piece by piece—with your own hands—you fit gleaming girders, gears and other exciting parts together—see them grow into gigantic engineering marvels. Then hook up the powerful Erector electric engine—with amazing new Flex-O-Matic Drive—and make your models buzz with action. You can build hundreds of realistic models with one Erector set. Tell Dad you want a genuine Erector. Prices start at \$1.75. Denver and west, \$1.85.

125 Erector Awards worth over \$2,000.00. Win an R.C.A. Television Set, movie camera outfit or other big award for building original Erector models. Mail coupon for details.

FREE—Big

"Fun and Thrills" book combined with giant American Flyer Train Book.

48 large pages. Over 100 color pictures.

Shows all Erectors and tells how to win Television Set or other thrills! Erector Award. Also contains pictures and descriptions of all American Flyer trains and equipment. Mail coupon today.

Gilbert Hall of Science
122 Erector Square, New Haven, Conn.

RUSH "FUN AND THRILLS" BOOK—FREE

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

**BOYS!
GIRLS!**

HURRY! BE THE FIRST TO GO
ROARING BY WITH A WONDERFUL

**CHUGGA-
MOTA!**

SOUNDS LIKE A
REAL MOTORCYCLE

CHUGGA
CHUGGA
CHUGGA
CHUGGA
CHUGGA!
CHUGGA



ONLY **20¢**

WITH TWO FRONT COVERS
OF SMITH BROTHERS
WILD CHERRY
COUGH DROP BOXES

Here's how it works. You'll be the envy of every kid in the neighborhood when you go ripping and roaring down the street with your Smith Brothers' CHUGGA-MOTA! Looks like a real two-cylinder motor. Nothing ever before made with this special motor sound chamber. Sturdy, colorful. You just fasten it onto the rear wheel of your bike—or the front wheel of a tricycle—and the faster you pedal, the louder it roars! Play speed cop, or army messenger. Have wonderful parades. Get several! They make dandy birthday presents, too!



HERE'S ALL YOU DO

To get your own wonderful roaring CHUGGA-MOTA... print your name and address on any little slip of paper. Put it in an envelope along with 20¢, and the front covers from two boxes of Smith Brothers Wild Cherry Cough Drops—and mail to:

SMITH BROTHERS
P. O. Box No. 292
New York 46, N. Y.

HURRY! While supply lasts!

JEEPERS! THESE
WILD CHERRY COUGH DROPS
ARE THE BEST THINGS
I EVER TASTED!

DO YOU WANT SPENDING MONEY?

Sell these popular Patriotic and Religious Mottoes

SEND US NO MONEY IN ADVANCE

Just write and ask us to send you 40 of these beautiful glittering mottoes which the public likes so well. Sell them easily and quickly to your friends and neighbors for only 35¢ each. At the end of 14 days send back, if you wish, all mottoes you have not sold, and send us only 25¢ for each you have sold. You keep all the rest of the money.

IF YOU SELL 25, YOU KEEP \$2.⁵⁰

IF YOU SELL 30, YOU KEEP \$3.⁰⁰

IF YOU SELL ALL 40 YOU KEEP \$4.⁰⁰

REMEMBER: No money is needed in advance. You take no risks. You can return all the mottoes you do not sell. You do not pay shipping costs or split your commission. You keep all the profit on each sale.

Mother

God took the Sorrow
From the Sorrow
And made the Light
In your eyes
He gave you breath
And with his love
made yours divine
Just best of all
**HE MADE YOU
MINE**

CHILD'S PRAYER

Now I Lay me down
To Sleep
I pray the Lord
my soul to keep
If I should Die before
I Wake,
I pray the Lord
my soul to take

**The Way of the
CROSS
IS HOME**

Love

one another
**AS I HAVE
LOVED
YOU**

**God Bless
OUR
HOME**

**WRITE
FOR COMPLETE
DETAILS
TO**

STEPHENS CREDIT SALES

Dept. A 101 1921 A Church St.

Nashville 3, Tennessee

